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The Cookyng Game



humor

man

cookie

81 15 12

Chapter 1 by intellikat

I knew he wanted to cookie me. From the first time we met. At the Christmas party. He just so much as told me. On a napkin, in crayon. Two words.

COOKIE U???

Chapter 2 by LuxCh3rry



I threw the napkin into the bin and pretended i had never seen it.
He frowned, picked the napkin out of the bin and pointed to the words.
I looked away.

Chapter 3 by SuperCoolStoryMaker



I went home from the Christmas Party. I knew I had to get my cookie gun and cookie him before he could try to cookie me. I went to his house in the night. I got my cookie gun and aimed the aim bar at his face. But suddenly he got up and almost shot me in the face with his cookie gun.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayoko



I was cookie. The world around me was cookie. Was I at least sugar free? I took a nibble of my arm. No, no I was not.

I was in a living hell.

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With a cry no doubt channeled from my ancient neanderthal ancestors, I lunged at my attacker, gun bared. He would suffer like me. Everyone would.

Chapter 5 by Khaleesi of Kittens



I knock his cookie gun to the floor where it crumbles into crumbs. I see the fear in his gummy eyes as I grab his face and scream, " You cookie me?! I cookie **YOU**!!!!!"

I grab a candy cane umbrella and shove the handle up his bum feeling immensely satisfied at the crack I hear as I give the handle a hard jerk.

Turning slowly I look at my front candy door and see three more candy cane umbrellas.

Chapter 6 by Gounaitory



Suddenly I remembered that I had hard candy grenades in my pocket. I threw them to him but it didn't worked out, seems like he was going to smash them into smithereens. And so he did.

"Cookie you! Cookie you!Cookie you!" he was shouting in the fight process , like he was also bullying me that I was just a Cookie.

"I will cookie you!!! You fucking asshole" I was shouting back , but the more I shout the more he was laughing at me. I was feeling myself miserable, like I was nothing, like I can't protect myself.

Everything was over when he simply came up to me and smashed me with his heavy boot...

I woke up in a terror.

Chapter 7 by intellikat



My hands and feet were bound. My mouth was gagged.

He looked at me with that mouth of his, all crumbled and sugary.

My time had come.

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He was, indeed, about to cookie me.

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Chapter 8 by Intellikat



And he did.

OH Crumbs!

the end

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